

WORKBASKET TRIFLES.

Three Visitors from the Country Are Shocked.

The workbasket of the up-to-date woman of leisure is provided with many costly trifles, the use of which is not directly obvious to the uninitiated, says the New York Tribune. This fact was recently impressed upon the writer at the counter of a jewelry establishment. A group of women, whose manner and appointments indicated that they were stangers in the city, were looking at gold thimbles, and, incidentally, at various other articles displayed by the clerk.

"Look here, Mary Ellen," said the oldest of the three, holding up to view a fat little square of gold with richly chased edges. "What do you reckon this is?"

"It don't look like anything in particular to me," answered Mary Ellen after close scrutiny.

"Well! It's a thread-winder, and it's worth \$9."

"Nine dollars for a thread-winder!" exclaimed Mary Ellen, agast at the idea. "Well! I never!—I always wrap my old scraps of thread or silk round an empty spool or a piece of cardboard, like the scooped-out piece of wood the boys at home wind their fishing lines on. That's right convenient, though," she added, examining the pretty haubie interestedly.

"Here's something else," said the third woman, balancing between her fingers a pencil-like arrangement exquisitely chased and having a smooth, oval bulb at either end. "I wonder what this is for?" And she glanced appealingly at the clerk.

"That's a glove-darner," he explained, much amused at her perplexity.

"And how much does it cost?"

"Eleven dollars."

The trio exclaimed in horror at this revelation of extravagance and Mrs. Mary Ellen remarked sternly that \$11 would supply her with gloves for two years.

All three examined the glove-darner critically, and then, pursuing their investigation, speculated in turn as to the merits of the solid-gold thimble-holders, emery-holders, needle-cases and other articles that seemed curious to them. Finally, when a finger protector was shown, Mrs. Mary Ellen's patience became exhausted.

"These idle women ought to be proud to show a few needle pricks on their forefinger," she exclaimed. "I'd like to know how a little needle prick can hurt."

She did not conceal her amazement that so insignificant, everyday affair as a little round tape-measure could be contrived to cost \$7, and a small ivory case, equipped with tiny gold-handled scissors, needle-case, thimble and bodkin, the value of which was \$100, nearly took away her breath.

"It seems outrageous to squander so many dollars on nonsense," she declared, energetically, as the party left the shop.

A True Bear Story.

Stranger (up in Maine): "I presume you have seen a good many bears in your time."

Hunter: "Bout a thousand."

Stranger: "I wish you would tell me a bear story—a true one, of course, every detail exactly as it happened."

Hunter: "Eh? Want a true bear story? Well, I swan! All right, I'll give yeh one; but sho! you won't care for it. Back in the sixties, about sixty-nine, I think, or mebbe it was seventy, I was walkin' along, not thinkin' of anything in particular, except Josh Peabody's chances of election—Josh and me were great friends—when all of a sudden, just as I'd crossed a log over a stream, and sat down on the further end of the log for a little rest, I felt a jar, and, looking up, there at the other end of the log, with one paw on it, was the biggest, ugliest-lookin' bear you ever see. I had my gun, but it was empty, and I hadn't as much as a bird-shot to load with—just going home, you know. My huntin'-knife had got lost somehow that same day, and all I had was an old-fashioned Barlow pocket-knife, a good deal the worse for wear. Well, I looked at that critter, and he looked at me for 'bout two minutes, when I sort of sidled off the log and crept along up the stream about twenty feet, meantime openin' the old Barlow knife. I couldn't get any further on account of a high bank, a thicket of laurels, and the jagged roots of a big tree that was blown over. Well, there I stood, and there that critter stood, me eyin' him and him eyin' me, for full ten minutes, when all of a sudden— Mighty good cigar this is."

Stranger: "Yes, yes; go on."

Hunter: "Oh! yes. All of a sudden that bear crossed over the log and walked away."

A Splendid Climbing Rose.

Philadelphia Ledger: No climbing rose ever introduced has attained such widespread popularity in so short a time as the Crimson Rambler. Although it was introduced this year, over 100,000 plants have already been sold. To my mind the strongest point in its favor is its hardiness. A prominent rose grower in the spring of 1894 set out two strong plants in his trial grounds. By fall they had attained a growth of six feet. They were left unprotected during the winter, and in the spring he pegged down one of the stems to the ground. It broke from every eye, and in June he counted on that one stem 320 buds and blossoms. I regret to say that it is not an ever-bloomer.

Stopped Some of It.

"They married to stop talk?"

"Perhaps. They haven't spoken to each other since."

The evening breeze which had been rippling the placid bosom of the ocean hastened ashore and looked for a tree through which it might sough a time or two.—Detroit Tribune.

FAT MEN HAVE THE BEST OF IT.

Result of an Interesting Wager Between a Lean and a Fat Man.

They made a bet. The fat man thought he had all the worst of life, while the thin man held that flesh was a blessing.

"Just in the ordinary affairs of every day life," began the fat man.

"That's what I'm referring to," put in the thin man. "Go home with me this afternoon and I'll demonstrate it for supper and theater tickets."

So they started together from one of the big office buildings, and, as they were leaving the office a man in a big hurry entered.

The thin man was able to dodge him, but he fouled the fat man, of course.

"There you are," said the fat man as soon as he had recovered his breath. "Every blind fool runs into me."

"That's nothing," returned the thin man, as he stepped on the elevator and was promptly crowded into the corner by a 250-pound woman.

"We're even," he said, as they reached the street.

"Not quite," returned the fat man, as he wiped the perspiration from his face. "You're comparatively cool, while I'm melting away."

"But you'll have a chance to be comfortable when we reach the car."

"No more than you."

"Wait and see."

They each took one of the seats designed to hold two persons less than medium size and for a block were on equal terms. Then a big man got on. There were four or five other people whom he could sit beside, but he singled out this thin man and soon had him wedged in so tightly that he could hardly breathe. A few blocks further on the seat ahead was vacated and the thin man moved to it. Two minutes later a woman with puffed sleeves got on and again he was singled out. She gave him such an indignant look because he could not make all the room necessary for the sleeves that he got up and moved to the side of a man of medium size. The man got off at the next corner and a fat woman took his place. Again the thin man was crowded against the side of the seat and his face showed the agony he was in.

"But that was an exceptional case," protested the fat man when the two had left the car.

"On the contrary, it's a regular thing," replied the thin man. "You can see it any day if you watch out. The thin man never gets a seat to himself. He's always selected as a seat companion and crowded and crushed until his bones ache. I'll have that supper with you to-morrow night."

And he did.—Ex.

LEASED THE BLAINE MANSION

George Westinghouse to Become a Resident of Washington.

Washington Special to Pittsburg Dispatch: It is understood that George Westinghouse has leased the Blaine mansion on Dupont circle, in this city. This is an item of great importance to the Washington social world, as Mrs. Westinghouse during her winter stay in this city for the past year or two has been noted for the magnificent hospitality she has dispensed. The Blaine mansion is well adapted to the most gorgeous entertainments. It is an immense house, separated from Dupont circle by a small triangular park, but in the very heart of the city. It was built by Mr. Blaine before he occupied the old Seward mansion on Lafayette square, and was paid for from the proceeds of his book, "Twenty Years in Congress." Mr. and Mrs. Westinghouse are liable to make a deep impression on official and social life in this city. For the past year or two Senator Brice, of Ohio and New York, has been the leader in gorgeous entertainments. He will doubtless have a rival in the air-brake king. It is not known what rent will be paid for the Blaine mansion, but the figures are supposed to be somewhere between \$12,000 and \$15,000 a year. Mr. Westinghouse is in New York and a confirmation of the above could not be obtained last night.

Hints and Helps.

When the name of Christ becomes everything to a Christian, it will do everything for him.

If anyone has a right to always be strong and of a good courage, it is the man who knows that Christ has saved him.

Whenever we know that God has sent us, we may also know that he has gone before us.

Great things may be done by the weakest.

Our Christian life is a failure, if the church to which we belong is not made stronger by our membership.

If we "walk in the light as he is in the light," we shall be made a blessing to somebody who sits in darkness.

No matter where he is, the man has an easy place who loves to do God's will.

No Christian is strong who is not happy. "The joy of the Lord is the strength of the righteous."—Ram's Horn.

Not Quite Hopeless.

Husband (after a long tirade)—You have talked for an hour about that letter I forgot to mail.

Wife—I have a right to. Just think how—

"And you are sure I am just as bad as you make out?"

"You are utterly and entirely—"

"One moment. Give me credit for at least one thing."

"Well, what?"

"I didn't steal the stamp."

Wrong Diagnosis.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is rest."

"Rest!" echoed the tall, gaunt caller, rising to his feet and glowering down at him. "Rest! You miserable quack! I'm a walking delegate!"—Washington Star.

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UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORTS

Official Endorsement, June 19, 1895, Page 10:

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